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## THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, MAY 10, 1855.

## Sketchings.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.—The annual exhibition of this Institution has been open to the public for nearly three weeks, but business has prevented us from paying it a visit earlier. The exhibition is, on the whole, a more interesting one than that of the National Academy of New York, comprising a greater variety of subject and school. The New York artists are well represented by Casilear, Church, Cropsey, Kensett, Edmonds, and others. Edmond's "First Earnings," a work painted some years since, shows to good advantage. Cropsey's "Coast of Genoa," a fine, breezy picture, a single composition by Kensett, a South American scene by Church, one of the best of this class of Church's works, Huntington's portrait of the Earl of Carlisle, and some others, were familiar to us.

There is a strong infusion of Germanic art in the collection—an indication, we doubt not, of the tendency of public taste, but one which we like not. There is a striking piece of architectural painting, "A Ruined Cloister on a Winter Evening," by Hasenpflug, which is very carefully put into perspective and light and shade, and manifests a good deal of power in those qualities, but it is, after all, but a high refinement of scene painting, and better fitted for the cosmorama than the picture gallery. The common compliment paid such pictures, that they look real, is, in fact, the reverse of a compliment to them, so far as all noble qualities of art are concerned. Hubner has several pictures, none of them of his usual excellence, however. Verboeckhoven has several cattle pieces of average merit. There is a capital interior, by Verschuur, "The Dutch Homestead," one of the cleverest things of the kind that we have seen.

With regard to Wittkamp's "Deliverance of Leyden," we cannot agree with the general opinion concerning it—that it is a *great* work of art. It is powerful in its execution, and dramatic in its treatment, but its power runs into violence and crudity, and its dramatic qualities lean strongly to the theatrical. There is much manifestation of feeling, but it is only in common and coarse natures that feeling, really strong, shows itself by such demonstrations. The whole seems overdone—the color morbid—the action excessive, and the grand result has not the repose and simplicity essential to great Art. There is a woman at the right, who, in a silent delirium, glares out of the canvas at the spectator with an expression of horror which is painful—but it is too wild, and excites aversion rather than pity, which we imagine to be the legitimate result of the sight of suffering. No work of Art ought to produce an impression painful as a whole, or in any degree to disgust the spectator, and we have learned to distrust and avoid all such as seem to be animated by an enjoyment of the evidences of human weakness or human woe, as in those horrible French

scenes, like the wreck of the Medusa, and the execution scenes, with which this seems too much allied.

There are some pleasant French pictures in the collection—two or three by Eugene Isabey—wild and breezy sea-coast scenes, full of power and coarse impression of Nature, but devoid of refinement of color, to an unusual degree, even for him. A landscape and cattle by Brissot, is a clever picture, and a "First Lesson in Charity," by Mérie, is an excellent example of one of the best phases of modern French painting. It is exquisitely executed, and with great refinement in color. A Marine, by Le Poittevin, is also a good example of a man who holds a high place in the Parisian exhibitions. There is a characteristic drawing by Gavarni, "The Scotch Girl."

Of the Philadelphia artists, Rothermel seems to have labored most effectively, exhibiting several works, of which the most satisfactory to us was a "Wood Nymph," though there is much fine action and good color in the "Judgment of Solomon." A young artist named Schuesselle, a German by birth, but some years a resident in this country, evinces great talent for the figure. His principal picture, "Old and Young America," is an excellent thing in conception and composition. In the latter respect, indeed, it is singularly effective. His color is fresher than it would have been if he had been educated at Dusseldorf, which we hope he may never be. A young landscape painter, Wm. T. Richards, exhibits several promising works, the best of which, painted from a couple of lines of Boker's:

"I have a cottage where the sunbeams lurk,  
Peeping round the gables all day long,"

is an exceedingly clever production. He lacks in color, however, and there is a most dangerous tendency toward dashing execution. His feeling for composition, particularly in foreground material, is very fine, but his facility so great that we scarcely hope for the earnest labor necessary to make a great artist. Another young landscapist, Edmund Lewis, manifests decided talent, but still more tendency to the superficial than Mr. Richards. Both *can* be eminent in their profession if they will.

Weber, who seems to be the leader of landscape painting in Philadelphia, exhibits several pictures of the pure Dusseldorf type.

Geo. C. Lambdin, son of the well-known portrait painter, has sent home several small pictures from Europe, which evince a strong feeling for color, and considerable poetic feeling. There is a picture of a Pre-Raphaelite character by Sam. F. Dubois, an artist of whom we have previously known nothing, but which shows a devotion to detail, and an accuracy of color worthy of a disciple of the new school. The subject is from Gertrude of Wyoming, representing Gertrude in her "deep, untrodden grot," reclining on the ground. The flowers, leaves, &c., are painted with botanical accuracy, and not without much feeling for composition. The drapery is also broad and well managed. The distance, unfortunately, is not so well cared for, and so the result, which might have been very admirable, is marred by a careless part.

There is an excellent study of "Ruffed Grouse and Young," by Tait. A capital crayon-head by Elma Mary Gove, full of fine character and good drawing, hangs in the water-color room.

The illustration of Poe's Raven, by Wehnert, the English water-color artist, is one of the most profound and thoughtful illustrations we have ever seen. The Student sits, with his face buried in his arms, leaning on the table, and his books lying around him. The Raven is not in sight; but a shadow falls from above, and, resting on the floor, takes the form of a raven, out of whose open beak seems to float the vision of the "lost Lenore," who sweeps up over the dreamer with hands folded on her breast, while two angel children lift gently the veil that lies over her face, disclosing it to view, tranquil, lifeless, and beautiful. The illustration is complete—for, as the poem, its complaint and its memories grow from the ghostly croak "never more" of the Raven—the whole vision in the picture floats out from the shadowy beak "that lies floating on the floor." We believe it would be difficult to find a picture in which the spirit of its subject was so perfectly carried out, and applied to a new creation, as it were. The execution of the picture is very remarkable; and, it is one of the finest specimens of water-color we have ever seen in this country.

OUR friends in the country, you do not enjoy exclusively the glory and beauty of the Spring season; you can, it is true, watch the budding and blooming of lilacs, and can greet upon the water-courses the first tinge of green which the sun brings out there, before it appears upon the meadows. You can gather water-cresses and welcome the violet. You can ramble about for the trailing arbutus, and bring it from the woods to perfume both your hearts and your dwellings, but with all these advantages, which we dare not dwell upon lest we forget our own locality, you possess not all the beauty in the world! We of the city have a portion, and we too can boast of our Spring floral delights. We have pleasant walks, made so by the taste of those who dwell upon the way-side. We can walk our streets, and turn our steps to where flowers grow, warming the fronts of our stone houses as well as our stony hearts. We have regularly every morning walked down the Fifth Avenue, and stopped as regularly on the corner of Fourteenth-street—thank Heaven we have had time to do so!—to gaze on the beautiful magnolia tree, whose flowers, like the seal on a bond, gave to us the official announcement of Spring; we watched its pure white leaves open out and drop off, not sorrowfully, not regrettingly, as we would a joy for ever lost, for another stood by its side to receive its crown of beauty, and reign in its stead. The flowers, too, of its companion tree came in another color, and, like a succession of virtues, they came to gladden our hearts afresh. This is not the only beauty of the Avenue—which name, by the way, sounds better in connection with plants than it does with palaces—it has many little enclosures, carpeted with grass, in the midst of which roses peep out, immediately in front of the lower windows; where

the servants can enjoy them as well as their masters. Some of these enclosures have no flowers, nothing but the luxuriant grass, or, perhaps, some evergreens, or a few vines, whose beauties are yet to appear, and call forth our thanksgiving at some future time. You will perceive, therefore, good country folks, we too have something besides dust and ashes in our thoughts and our streets. While we are dwelling upon the Avenue, in our *outside* habitation of it, let us make a few suggestions to Mr. Merchant Prince. We notice that you are cultivating hedges, sometimes in good taste and sometimes in bad taste. Occasionally a hedge is grown close by the iron fence which skirts the pavement, shutting out, or intending to shut out, a view within it. You have no warrant to do so, even in this democratic country, where the *right* to do as one pleases consecrates the worst of acts and the worst of motives: the street and the little open space in front of your house belongs to the public, for the law compels you to set your house back a certain space, and you are bound to let the public enjoy its visual rights, if they cannot step within your paling. Be generous, Merchant Prince, Esq.; emulate your prototypes, the Prince families of the old world, in other matters besides the external and internal decorations of your houses—throw your grounds and your dwellings open to all who desire to enjoy them, that is, if you have anything to show—give delight and delight will return unto you. But, let us go back to the hedges. A hedge is beautiful and appropriate when it skirts the walk leading from a gate to an entrance, as we observe in some cases, and it does not interfere with the growth of grass or of flowers; in the one case it does, and in these instances (few and far between, we are glad to say it), we hope the grass will wither and die, and the hedges too—for, if the appropriation of nature's green to ornament does but indicate selfishness, away with it, we would avoid the spot as we would the luxuriance of a stagnant pool. Perhaps, we have said enough about hedges. We want to speak again of the magnolia, of which there are a number in different parts of the city. Because this flowering tree is beautiful, do not let us have a surfeit of it. One in a neighborhood will illumine the enclosure of an extensive street-horizon; and, if a neighbor within the circuit of this horizon, admires and covets its beauty, let him procure something else blossoming later, and thus exchange one beauty for another. We have trees, too, good country-folks—the horse chestnut and maple—whose fast growing leaves are now producing a green veil in our parks, which furnishes something besides stones to look upon to those who traverse them, as well as to those who love to gaze from their windows and contemplate something else beside their neighbors' walls. Take it all together, there is much beauty in the city—let him who *walks* about, enjoy it.

J. G. UNNEVEHR, importer and manufacturer of Thorwaldsen's Statuary and Bas-reliefs, is about to return to Europe. To all who would

like to possess a fine collection of casts from Thorwaldsen's works, this is an excellent opportunity, and one which may not soon occur again. Mr. Unnevehr may be found at "Cumberland street, between Park and Flushing Avenues, Brooklyn."

We get the following item from the private correspondence of a friend:—

Scheffer has lately done several portraits, besides two *Magdalens* and a *Christ and Child*, all gone to public or private collections. He is now finishing *Il Pianto*, and a lovely creation of *Ruth and Naomi*, the latter for Holland. He will not send anything to the forthcoming exhibition.

The Royal Academy is attacked occasionally, to judge by the following paragraph, which we clip from the *Athenæum*:

One word as to the Royal Academy. Might not the number of its members, and the usefulness of that Society, be now largely extended with great benefit to the best interests of Art and artists? To do so would only be carrying out the intentions of its royal founder, King George the Third, who is said to have taken so deep an interest in its objects that he actually prepared the rules for its formation and government with his own hand; certain it is, that one of those rules expressly stipulated that, after a certain sum (20,000*l.* I believe) had been accumulated for the benefit of the Academy, its future income was to be applied to the promotion of the general purposes of Art (see abstract of the laws, &c., of the Royal Academy, published in 1797). From the commencement of this Society to the present time, it has also, by the Royal favor, enjoyed the gratuitous use of a suite of rooms forming part of the national property. It therefore seems clear, that the object of the Crown in founding and fostering the Royal Academy was not alone to benefit a select body of artists, self-elected, but to promote the general prosperity of British Art and its professors; in short, that the Royal Academy from its foundation has been, and still is, a *public* Institution, if the intentions of its founders be respected, although legally it is only a private society.

THE *Athenæum* has a long article made up of comments upon a pamphlet with the following title:—"Protest and Counter-Statement against the Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery, ordered by the House of Commons to be Printed, 4th of August, 1853," which shows up some of the proceedings, diversity of judgment, &c., attendant upon cleaning valuable old pictures. It is somewhat amusing, and we therefore extract from it, beginning immediately after the names of the committee—

Who have protested against the Report from the Select Committee on the National Gallery as, to use their own language, "a document unworthy of confidence, inimical to Art, and a fraud upon the nation."

These indignant gentlemen look upon themselves as the denouncers of a betrayal of trust in a Parliamentary Committee, and of patronage and jobbery in a national institution. From Sir C. Eastlake's appointment as Director of the National Gallery, by Sir Robert Peel in 1843, the protestors date the commencement of "a disastrous system of cleaning." "The Judgment of Paris," by Rubens, was, they say, cleaned by Sir Charles without using the judgment of Solomon. "Lot and his Daughters," and "Susannah and the Elders," he is also accused of cleaning "without the instructions of the Trustees." In spite of the gravity of the subject, we can hardly refrain from smiling at

the technical ferocity with which this vexed subject of picture-cleaning is handled. No early Christian could have described more piteously the flaying of that St. Bartholomew, whom we see in the "Last Judgment" holding up the mortal coil he has shuffled off, as a tailor would a pair of prize pantaloons. It is astonishing the amount of human interest the protestors throw into the subject by artfully employing words, that to the uninitiated unconsciously convey a sense of pain in the picture operated on. We feel as if a dying man were struggling and shrieking under the knife. The pictures are "flayed," and "peeled," and "skinned," and "tortured," and "scraped." It seems not merely ignorance, but cruelty, that has been practised. Old gentlemen who have not time to read the whole correspondence, have a vague impression that the cleaning processes are first tried on criminals, who are scorched with malignant acids, or boiled down in solutions of sulphur and oil. Another ingenious resource of the protestors,—with all honest desire for truth we doubt not—is to use such strong metaphorical language as to imply to the blinded public that the pictures have been reduced to a paste, pounded into pieces, and then sewn together like a patchwork quilt, or actually scrubbed by all Wardour Street at once, just as men polish a table or brighten a shoe. We hear of hundreds of feet of canvas cleaned at the rate of so many feet an hour, just as if they had been run over by a French *frotteur* with his skate of brushes, or sand-papered by a drunken, impatient, and underpaid carpenter. More quietness and forbearance might, we think, lead both Protestant and heretic several days sooner to the door of truth.

But to prevent any injustice, we select the protestors' own account of the cleaning a picture, to show the temper and taste with which they handle the keen weapons of controversy:

"The Consecration of St. Nicholas." (P. Veronese.)—The witnesses who gave judgment on the cleaning of the 'Consecration of St. Nicholas,' by Paul Veronese, were *twenty-one* in number. *Fifteen* were adverse to it; Sir Edwin Landseer, another colleague of Sir C. Eastlake and of Mr. Uwins, declaring that 'the Paul Veronese had here and there been a little *tortured*'—that he 'must say *that*, speaking *candidly*;' others pronouncing that 'the markings which described the forms of the various objects had been absolutely taken away;' that 'it was crude, cold, and had lost a great deal of its mellowness;' that 'the whole of the master's glazing had been removed;' that 'in parts it had been *completely flayed*;' that its effect was destroyed; that it was irrecoverable, &c. The six witnesses favorable to the operation, comprise the four implicated parties already named, and Messrs. Bromley and Dennistoun. The importance of the last-named gentleman's opinion is considerably modified by his declaration, that when he says 'too much' has been 'taken from a picture,' he 'probably' means 'a portion of the original master's touch;' but 'that being a technical point,' and his 'technical knowledge not being sufficiently matured to speak to that,' he is unable to determine whether, by this expression, he does mean the original master's touch or not. Mr. Uwins declares that the Paul Veronese, from being 'entirely lost, so that nobody could form any conception of it, is now restored to its pristine beauty; that the colors now come out in all their splendor and glory; that in its present state it is something real—almost beyond reality—*divine*;' that one would almost feel inclined to fall down and *worship it*.' The uncompromised witnesses counted *fifteen against two*, condemnatory of the cleaning of the 'Consecration of St. Nicholas.'"

In Claude's 'Annunciation' eighteen witnesses, according to the pamphlet, condemned the cleaning. Sir Charles Eastlake believed a brisk application of dust would do much good, and advised that the glass should be left off for at least a twelvemonth, that it might collect some mellowing dirt. To these unite Mr. Uwins and Mr. Bentley: the former thinks the Claude more beautiful and delicate than before, and the latter that it has been "very nicely cleaned."

The pamphlet sums up the charges in the following words:—

"From the preceding analysis it will be found that, of one hundred and ninety-four decisions delivered before the Committee, on the cleaning of the nine pictures,

one hundred and forty-nine were condemnatory of their altered appearance—only forty-five in favor of it; and that of the latter, thirty-one are but the multiplied self-approvals of Messrs. Seguer, Uwins, R. A., William Russell, and Sir C. Eastlake, parties impeached. If we deduct their evidence, and that of Mr. Morris Moore, the originator of the charges against the cleaning, we have the still more formidable contrast of one hundred and forty against fourteen; a clear majority of ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-SIX, TEN TO ONE IN SUPPORT OF THE CHARGES."

We conclude our notice of this pamphlet by lamenting the discord that seems raging among artists. It is, perhaps, an indication of a settled schism between the old and new schools, ancient and modern, English and Italian, precedent and innovation, Conservatism and Radicalism. Like a lovers' quarrel, it may be only what Ovid calls "the renewing of love." A leg seldom breaks twice in the same place. A shower clears the air. We trust, whoever convinces the public, Art will be the gainer. Both sides love Art, and should shake hands on that knowledge. Picture-cleaning must, it should be remembered, be always experimental, because it must progress with an increased knowledge of chemistry, and must vary with the various treatments of every master.

We conclude our notice of the *Athenæum's* notice by congratulating our public upon its freedom from any cares of this description. Here the matter would be much more summarily disposed of—a committee of the Common Council would clean pictures, among other dirty jobs, by contract, without fear of investigating protestants.

#### THE ARTIST AND HIS PUBLIC.

(From *Der Künstler und sein Publikum* of Rückert.)

A DUMB man asked a blind,  
Led by his son, a lame,  
"I wish a harper much to find,  
Didst see one as you came?  
To me 'tis little joy  
To listen to his song,  
I only want him for this boy,  
Who's deaf now very long."

The blind man said, "Indeed I  
I saw one just behind,  
My limping son shall run with speed,  
The man to try to find."  
So went the limping son,  
As they had bid him do,  
And sought the harper as he run  
The streets and alleys through.

He comes at their commands,  
And all the harper greet,  
But yet to play he had no hands,  
And so he takes his feet.  
For very rapture as he played,  
The deaf boy listened long,  
The blind man well his skill surveyed,  
The dumb one shouted strong.

The lame one quick to dancing went,  
With all his soul and might,  
And all together stayed content,  
Till late within the night.  
And when they parted then,  
They all were light and gay,  
And begged that he would come again.  
Who was as pleased as they?

A STATUE is about to be erected at Montrose, to the memory of the late Joseph Hume. It will be an odd turn of the wheel if a vast sum of money shall be expended on a memorial to the most severe economist of our economical nation.—*Athenæum*.

#### DREAM-LAND.

We have no recollection  
Of any dreams but sweet,  
Yet wake to find our pillow  
Is wet beneath our cheek.

We look without the window,  
A wreck is on the shore,  
Yet tranquil is the billow,  
As on the night before.

We look upon the churchyard,  
The sun is shining there,  
Yet prostrate is the willow  
That had our evening care.

Thus when by Heaven's election  
We wake from this our life,  
And have no recollection  
Unless with pleasures rife,

We yet may mark the traces  
Of storms that shall have passed,  
And in our lost ones' faces  
See wrecks their billows cast.

HEIDELBERG.

—*Christian Register*.

#### FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

The "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Monastery of St. Domenico in Milan, is being restored to all its original beauty. So far back as 1821, Barezzi tried his novel plan on a very small portion, and with great success. In 1852 he made a request to the Imperial and Royal Academy to be permitted to engage on this work. Three or four trials were made, which were examined by the Academy, by a Commission from Vienna, and another from Florence. The result was that full permission was given, and for eight months he has now been engaged on this work. What his secret is, is not known; he has no brush, nor is there any retouching, but the change is miraculous. The surface is smoothed down as though it were of marble, and the blistered or broken excrescences are firmly attached to the wall—by means of chemical agents, too, the colors have been revived in great beauty. The figure of the Saviour is nearly completed, as indeed is nearly one-half of the picture. In the middle lunette above are discovered the arms of Ludovico il Moro and Beatrice d'Este, his wife. Four several strata of lime and color having been removed, paintings, it is said, of a surpassing beauty have been discovered, and so highly finished as to give the appearance of having been executed on ivory.—*Athenæum*.

EMINENT success has waited on the attempt to raise a Patriotic Fund by means of Art contributions. Pall Mall has been crowded daily—and the little room on the south side, so well known as the home of the French Exhibition, has been far too narrow to receive its visitors. Ample space is also required for the pictures still pouring in, and Government has very properly offered Burlington House, in Piccadilly, to the committee. More than eight hundred objects of Art have been received, and the fund already raised is considerable. The Queen has been a purchaser. Two hundred pounds are offered for the drawing of the Princess Royal, who is said to have timidly valued her work at a guinea! It will ultimately fall to the highest bidder. Where is that Prussian Prince in whom it was said the days of chivalry were to live again? Will he suffer this prize to be carried away by other hands? or is he afraid to support—even in a way so indirect—the heroes of the Crimea?—*Athenæum*.

THE front of the Carlton Club approaches completion. It will certainly be one of the most beautiful public buildings in the Mall. It is simple, and yet grand, rich without being

overloaded, stately without heaviness, pure in detail and majestic in design. In spite of Mr. Ruskin's dictum, that ornament should be on a level with the eye, and not heaped round the garrets, we confess a predilection to the garlands of flowers, the kneeling boys, and the marble medallions. The light balustrade cuts with a cheerful Venetian effect against the fresh showery skies of April, with their shifting rack of parti-colored clouds and snow islands floating in a sea of crystalline azure. The honesty and sharpness of the ornament, conventional as it is, seem to attest the deeper sincerity of an earnest and struggling age.—*Athenæum*.

A NEW and commodious room has been opened in the British Museum. It is devoted to many of those relics of Greek Art that have for so long been lying about like lumber in the vestibules and passages of that building. To the crowds who require index-hands to point out the beautiful from the common, the change of position is a great boon. Students will have more conveniences for study, and the sucking poet may wander up and down to complete his visions of Greek beauty and Greek wisdom.—*Athenæum*.

CLARA SCHUMANN. BY FRANZ LISZT.—Seldom again like her will a woman yield up her whole inward life to Art, only to feel and to enjoy in its domain. She has gradually attained to the subjective life of such masters as we find depicted in certain fantastical narratives, with whom the interests and importance of the whole globe are so completely merged in the sphere of Art, that to them the actual has become a dream, an unavoidable but painful interruption of their life, which in the eyes of the multitude appears a visionary life, but which they value as the only true reality. One easily sees, how she only wakes, so long as she hears music, or plays herself; how as the last tones die away, her soul shuts up, like the flower cup, whose petals droop ere the last ray of the sun has vanished, and only opens itself to the new spiritual day, when she is borne up on the wings of harmony. For her exquisite sensitiveness a false tone were a catastrophe, the failure of a passage a blighted inclination, a mistaken tempo a love unreturned, a wrongly conceived rhythm, a despised deed of greatness, which in her excited inmost soul she must needs feel like so many wounds.

When she mounts the tripod of the temple, the woman speaks to us no more; she entertains us not as poetess about earthly passion, about the stormy strife of human destiny; she convinces us not by the boldness of her appeals, still less does she court our sympathies. A devout, believing and submissive priestess of the Delphian god, with trembling fidelity she performs his worship. Tremulously careful not to miss an iota of the oracle to be announced, not to accent a syllable falsely, she chastens her own feeling, so as not to become a guilty and a treacherous interpreter. She renounces her own suggestions, that she may declare the oracle as an incorruptible mediator, as a faithful expounder. She will explain no obscure passage according to her own individual inclination. For her, in the holy books whose simple pages have been received as valid after a severe test of their genuineness, there is nothing great and nothing small, but all is holy and must be accepted with undoubting, pious reverence. And she is so dominated by devotion, that the more variable human element recedes almost entirely out of view before this objective interpretation of Art. On the contrary, no one will excel her in the truthfulness with which she renders the masters that have become sacred to her through an intimate acquaintance.

The conscientious minuteness of Madame Schumann's preparations for her public perform-

ances, has often been remarked. How she searches through the key-board, and tries every tone, the sound of which, although correct, does not perfectly yield the desired resonance and coloring; how she takes care that her seat be not in the least too high or too low. How she not only, like a knight, who manages his horse before the tourney, practices for long hours on the piano which she has to play, to get acquainted with all its fine points, its weaknesses and excellences, but does this, where it is possible, upon the very spot where she is to play, that she may hear how every chord, every arpeggio, every crescendo and diminuendo of the flood of tone will be affected by the acoustic conditions of the room. In this we can see only a necessity of her nature, a consequence of her whole mode of being, of her conception or her Art, her duty to her calling and the difficulty of her artistic life-purpose, which does not permit her to trust the personal inspirations that depend upon the favor of the moment and upon chance moods, but rather convinces her that, to remain faithful to the dignity of Art, one must approach its every festival with the same earnestness, the same devotion.

And so we found the whilom mostly melancholy, but yet often cheerful, always fascinating fairy changed to the conscientious servant of an altar, animated, as it seemed, more by divine awe than by divine intoxication. When Talma at Urfurt represented the greatest kings in their best moments, he saw before him a parterre of kings. In the same way for Clara Schumann it requires a public of the majesties of Art, in order that the secretly struggling fire of her soul may so seize upon all hearers, as it makes her own breast heave. But she will always be admired by all because she is in fact spotless, and has by persevering carefulness, by energy of will and by ascetic devotion attained to a mastery, which stamps her in a certain manner as infallible. She is no pianist and concert-giver in the common sense of the word; her talent seems to us like a personification of the secular oratorio: a Peri yearning for her Paradise, in constant mystic contemplation of the Sublime, the Beautiful, the Ideal.—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

#### SPRING—A LAMENT.

AGAIN she comes, the radiant spring,  
Bright flowers o'er all the earth to fling—  
With song to fill the balmy air,  
And smooth the wrinkled brow of care;  
Ah me!

Many there are who loved of yore  
To greet the spring queen—now no more.

Sweet violets beside the brooks,  
And adder-tongues in lonely nooks,  
Unfold their golden leaves and blue,  
At break of day all wet with dew;  
Ah me!

Many who loved those blossoms bright,  
Have passed forever from our sight.

The birds sing sweetly all the day,  
And merrily the brooklets play;  
The robin, 'neath the sheltering eaves,  
Rejoicing, lines her nest with leaves;  
Ah me!

We who have loved to meet of yore,  
May meet on earth again no more.

*From the Country Gentleman.*

H. L. S.

#### FINE ARTS.

WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & CO.,

PRINTSELLERS, 353 BROADWAY,

HAVE MUCH PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING the Exhibition of a series of SEVEN most exquisite Paintings, representing

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